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A PHOTOGRAPHIC ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION TO SICILY AND GREECE

In April, 1903, the Board of Regents of the University of Nebraska appropriated \$350 to the Department of Greek for the purpose of obtaining negatives and other illustrative apparatus for classroom work in Greek archaeology, art, and history. The writer thereupon secured the services of an expert photographer, Mr. W. M. Newton, of College View, Neb., and prepared to make what may be called a photographic archaeological expedition to southern Italy, Sicily, and Greece.

We left Lincoln late in April, equipped with three cameras, a panoramic camera, plates for about 1,500 negatives, a fairly complete repairing outfit, and two chainless bicycles. Four days were spent in London securing the necessary letters of recommendation from the various foreign ministers and consuls to assist us in passing so much material through the custom-houses *en route*. Our plan worked admirably, and we had no trouble in passing the various frontiers, nor were we asked to pay one penny of duty until we arrived in New York on our return. Our experience at our home port was such, and that experience cost us so much, that I would urgently recommend any classical enthusiast who may go on a similar expedition to bring his negatives back undeveloped. The process of developing—through some mysterious chemical reaction—makes the negative subject to duty.

The latter part of May found us at Paestum, enjoying to the utmost the majestic temples of Neptune, Ceres, and the Basilica. The possessors of more than two dozen large plate negatives of these stately structures, we then moved on to Sicily. In this historic spot, which for so many centuries was "the battlefield of the nations," we spent more than a month. Every day there was more than filled with keen enjoyment and profitable study. To trace the development of Greek sculpture from the seventh through the fifth century B. C., in the Sala di Selinunte of the Museo Nazionale in Palermo; to climb to the summit of Monte Varvaro and visit the unfinished temple and the theater of old Segesta; to stand before the ruins of the grandest of all Greek temples on the now desolate site of the city of Selinus; finally to visit the old quarries near Campobello where the huge drums of columns lie scattered through the fields along the old road which led from the quarries to Selinus, and where many unfinished drums are still unsevered from their native rock in the

quarry, just as they were left on that day when the workmen dropped their tools and ran at sight of the Carthaginian forces just landed on Sicilian soil—all this is an ever-living source of profit, pleasure, and inspiration to every classical student.

Richer by nearly a hundred carefully taken and well-developed negatives, we left Palermo, Segesta, and Selinus, and next visited the temples of Ceres, Concord, and Juno in Pindar's "most beautiful city of mortals," Agragas. The day spent in Girgenti, the walks to "Rupe Etenea," the successive visits to the splendid temples still standing, the walks through the ruins of the temples of Heracles and of Zeus, not to mention the re-erected four columns, with their entablature, of the temple of Castor and Pollux, were in the highest degree inspiring, and kept our cameras "hot."

Then we went to Syracuse, where the text of Thucydides was our guide. After following the course of the old aqueducts, twice visiting the theater and amphitheater, the quarries where the Athenian prisoners suffered so severely, San Giovanni and the Catacombs, and finally the two monoliths of the Olympieion that still stand near the shore south of the city, we turned our faces to the north.

The last three days in Sicily were spent where

καὶ νῦν ἀχρεῖον καὶ παράορον δέμας
κεῖται στενωποῦ πλησίον θαλασσίον
ἱπόμενος ῥίζαισιν Αἰτναίαις ὕπο,

and we passed one bitter cold night and a glorious dawn where

κορυφαῖς δ' ἐν ἄκραις ἥμενος μυδροκτυπεῖ
Ἦφαιστος.

The evening of July 4 found us at the residence of Mr. Jackson, our American minister to Greece. After waiting two days for the steamer from London to bring us the box containing a thousand plates for our work in Hellas, we were delighted on the morning of the 7th to find, on taking a morning spin down to the Piraeus, that our ship had arrived. We were now ready for our work. Our plan was to make Athens our headquarters and make side trips through Attica, to Eleusis, Corinth, through the Peloponnesus, Boeotia, and Phocis. We spent three days taking photographs in different parts of Athens, in developing the negatives to see how well we were timing our exposures in the bright sunlight and clear atmosphere, and in taking notes of the best time of the day to return to many of the monuments and places of special interest, in order to secure the best light for the various objects. An early hour in the morning of the

11th found us spinning to the south, with Laurion and Cape Sunion as our goal. Riding through the birthplace of Demosthenes, past Markopoulo with its Mycenaean necropolis, leaving Brauron on our left, with its memories of Artemis and Iphigeneia, we arrived at Laurion in time for a late midday lunch. A rocky road which compelled much walking brought us to the temple at Sunion. The columns are a disappointment to one who comes from Segesta and Girgenti, but one must not always expect the best after he has seen much of the best. After securing a dozen or more negatives, we returned to Athens on the following day. The trip was a trying one in the hot July sun, amid the ever-present dust of Attica, but the pleasant memories it awakened more than repaid us for all the hard work.

After another day or two in Athens, we "took a day off," and paid a visit to Eleusis. In another week we had our plans perfected for the expedition to the Peloponnesus. For a time we were undecided as to whether we ought to take our bicycles with us or not. The problem of transporting the great number of large plates for the whole trip around and through the peninsula was also a serious one. The officials of the ΠΑΠ (Piraeus, Athens, and Peloponnesus Railroad) were most kind and obliging to us. They generously offered to frank three boxes of plates to three central points along the railway. When we asked them how much it would cost us to take our bicycles on the train from Argos to Tripolis, they answered, "*Deka leptá.*" "And how much from Kalamata to Pyrgos?" "*Deka leptá.*" "And from Patras to Corinth?" "*Deka leptá.*" We immediately decided that if we could take our wheels with us over the longer stretches on the train at the cost of a two-cent postage stamp, they should go with us. Our first stop was at Corinth, where we viewed with pleasure the work which our countrymen have accomplished at that important center of old Greek life. The Peirene fount and the massive monoliths of the temple were especially tempting to our cameras. At Mycenae we found much better accommodations than on our first trip ten years before, but there is yet room for improvement. However, the *Xenodochion tou Menelaou* is a vast improvement over a tent and the stony ground of our earlier visits. The acropolis of Mycenae, with its eternal sentries, Mounts Hagios Elias and Szara, standing guard on each side, lured us again and again, until the fear of running out of plates before we reached Tripolis compelled us to desist. The little station of Mycenae Phychtia called for a photograph, and then we were off to the Heraion. With many peasant and farm scenes from "thirsty Argos" interspersed with those of antiquity, we proceeded to

Tiryns and thence to Nauplia. An early hour the next morning found us on our way to the sanctuary of Asklepios, the Hieron of Epidauros. Here, of course, we dropped a penny on a stone to test the famous acoustic properties of the really wonderful theater. The next morning found us at Argos, with little work for our cameras. Argos is as great a disappointment as Sparta to the archaeologist and the photographer. After a few views of the modern town, the Larisa, and the remains of the old theater, we boarded the train for Tripolis. Our puffy little engine seemed to lose its way very soon after leaving Argos and wandered around the hills in every direction except toward Tripolis. After tying itself in a double bowknot, the train finally succeeded in reaching Tripolis late in the afternoon, and we immediately prepared to go "over the hills" to Sparta. In the gathering darkness we tried to find Monodendri, which our Baedeker's map led us to infer was a mountain village on the great divide between Arcadia and Laconia. At last, thoroughly tired by our long climb and unable to see many feet ahead, we turned the side of a big boulder into temporary lodgings. At 4 A. M. we were up and away again. After ten minutes' more climbing we rounded a turn in the road, and lo, Monodendri! A solitary tree, the only one for miles, marked the summit of the twenty-five miles' climb from Tripolis. I am very glad to see that the new edition of Baedeker has removed from the map the imaginary village of Monodendri. From this point on we enjoyed the fine coast on our bicycles for fifteen miles right into the main street of Sparta. The great historian of the Peloponnesian War was certainly a true prophet when he said:

Distant ages would be very unwilling to believe that the power of the Lacedaemonians was at all equal to their fame! Their city has no splendid temples or other edifices; it resembles a group of villages, and would make a poor show. In vain we searched for antiquities, for objects of interest to the classical scholar. We secured two good views of modern Sparta from the hill to the east of town; but when we visited the so-called tomb of Leonidas and the few remaining stones of what was once a theater, our work at Sparta was finished. A short run brought us to Mistra, where we secured the necessary *ἄλογα* to carry ourselves, our outfit, and our bicycles over the lofty Taygetos range via the imposing Langada Gorge. From Mistra to Kalamata, on the back of an *ἄλογον* armed for the fray with one of those Peloponnesian pack-saddles, is a far cry. But this did not prevent us from enjoying the beauties of Langada. Time and again we stopped to take a particularly fine view, nor did we desist until our stock of plates was exhausted. Kalamata, the *Φηραί* of Homer, was made the base for

our operations against the old walls, towers, and fortifications of Mount Ithome and Messene, as well as those of Phigalia and the temple of Bassae. Never will the writer forget that day spent on the *μουλάρι* and the ever-present pack-saddle, from 4 A. M. till 2 A. M., in the mountains of old Messenia. After passing the night in vain attempts to sleep, we left Diavolitsi at the early hour of 4 A. M., and reached Pavlitsa and Phigalia about noon. After following the course of the old walls over the hills for several miles, and taking upward of a dozen views, we pushed on to Bassae, the site of the temple to Apollo. The same architect, Iktinos, who built the Parthenon also erected this sanctuary. For centuries the temple was lost, absolutely forgotten, until discovered by a French traveler in 1765. We walked around it, examined it from all sides, then climbed a nearby eminence to secure a better view. Presently we thought of our cameras and remembered we had work to do. We exposed every negative before we stopped, and it was well that we did so. At 6:30 P. M. we started back on our mountain ride, with nothing but the stars to guide our faithful *αγωγάτης*, reaching Diavolitsi at 2:30 A. M. We did not mind the long day's journey of more than twenty-two hours, with nothing to eat except hard dry bread and resinous wine; but it was a bitter disappointment to find that four of our precious negatives had been broken by more than one fall of the usually surefooted *μουλάρι*.

Our journey from Kalamata to Olympia, and from the latter to Patras and along the Gulf of Corinth, our trip to Marathon, as well as our work and experiences in Boeotia and Phocis, cannot be described in the present article.

In conclusion I may say that we aimed to equip ourselves to do this work in the best possible manner. Every view was taken with a small diaphragm, time exposure, and from the tripod. The prints, enlargements, and slides have proved of such assistance in classroom work, and have aroused so much interest, that the University of Nebraska decided this year to issue a descriptive catalogue of the best negatives. A copy of this catalogue may be secured free of charge by addressing the writer.

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